EVICTION AT DUNSHAUGHLIN BOG

All the world knows Dunshaughlin Bog, near the Riyer Finn. Keep roadway till you come to the Ballinasloe lodge of Ballina castle, then strike up into a bridle path at the left to Raphoe mountain. From this, Ballina castle can be seen—one of the most perfect castles in Donegal. The late Lord Ballina had passed here a life of festivity, but the present peer had left Ireland and established himself in India, and the domain was Dunmoyle's on a lease, the tenants paying Dunmoyle double what their fathers had paid Lord Ballina, and being consequently often in

Shannon and his wife had been all the way to Castlereagh, a good ten miles. Peggie had taken off her shoes, her temper proof against the wagon auts, and was trying to pacify Shannon, a strong, off-hand looking young Irishman, for not having had a sixpence in his pocket to buy a half pound of tobacco.

"Lord bless me, Michael," Peggie said, stepping up close beside him, "isn't this for all the world like the evening the hailstorm come on and the car ran away with my father, and he look was then weather will soon fill out the potatoes.

"Och, Peggie, they won't buy hats of you in Raphoe," said Rathdonnel, in a tone of annoyance "for those cursed sewing machines of Dunmoyle leave no work. He's never easy unless turning two guineas into three."

"If it wasn't Peggie would cry fit for ten burying. I'd be along with Rooney to America," said Shannon.

"I would drop dead myself," said Peggie, they won't buy hats of you in Raphoe," said Rathdonnel, in a tone of annoyance "for those cursed sewing machines of Dunmoyle leave no work. He's never easy unless turning two guineas into three."

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"God go with you, Rathdonnel," said Peggie, her blue eyes fixed gravely upon him. "I wish your soul was as bare of clothes."

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"God go with you, a lord fill of peggie, the blue eyes fixed gravely upon him. "I wish your soul was as bare of clothes.

evening the hallstorm come on and the evening the hallstorm come on and the car ran away with my father, and he coming home from McCoy's wedding, and a crowd of people in the road from Raphoe fair, and it all broke up with the stones going to be pounded, and the red shawl he had bought my mother in the gripe of the ditch, and she screaming, and the two wheels off and the world drop dead myself," said Peggie, wiping her blue eyes, first with one corner of her apron, then with another; "but they wouldn't let you land, Michael, and you not a penny in your pocket. Sure you'd be sent back without even a blessing."

"Michael," said Rathdonnel, "did Rooney give you a hint so you see this caustic characterization, but flicked the ash from his pipe and laughed.

Troubles were soon flying all around Raphoe. A fresh constabulary had been brought, the sergeant had made some unwarranted arrests, and there were rumors of more to follow.

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Toubles the said the two world here with another; "but flicked the ash from his pipe and laughed.

what their fathers had paid Lord Ballina, and being consequently often in arrears.

Shannon and his wife had been all the way to Castlareagh a good tan

Peggie standing beside the pig. The moon was shining brightly, illuminat-

cabin drinking to Lord Ballina for let- fine sight, the whole face of the earth about the place was the crowing of the

Something seemed to break loose in Rathdonnel's brain. He raised his hand and thrust at Dunmoyle, and, springing forward, got the whip from his hand, and with a gesture of his arm sent him headlong down the steep descent. Then, pushing his way back through the stubble where the mare stood restless, the rims of her nostrils expanding, he took hold of the bridle that hung down, and switching her on the belly, watched her scramble down the mountain. Her return to Ballina castle would be the token of a fatal fall from the saddle without a trace of foul play.

Early next morning he came under Shannon's window. In a corner of the cabin Peggie and Shannon lay sleeping, the baby between them. Leaning the baby between them. Leaning through the broken pane, radiating an aroma of tobacco, he said: "Michael, do you hear the word they're making about Dunmoyle? Sure, since yesterday they haven't a trace of him only day they haven't a trace of him only that he went the road over Raphoe mountain; but the mare's come back to the stable, and they're going to search the gulch. No one only a cat could reach it. McCrum says he'll let himself down with a rope, but if it's there Dunmoyle is, we'll leave him till he rots. He'll never be in Raphoe again for it's the pearest place the! again, for it's the nearest place to hell in Ireland."

"How did he get there?" said Shannon, embracing Peggie with one arm.
"No one only God can tell that," said
Rathdonnel; "but he was strange to the
mountain, and if he has tried his luck
at a tumble, maybe he got a lodging he
didn't dream of" didn't dream of "

"Och, Rathdonnel, but you take the sight out of my eyes," said Peggie, turning away her face and holding fast the baby. "Give me the cloak, Michael, behind you, quick, and let me out of the cabin; I'm smothering."

Wrapped up in her blue cloak, Peggie stepped over the threshold and sat

down in one corner of the garden, and began braiding her long, thick black hair. "Please God, nothing has happened Dunmoyle," she said, slowly turning her blue shaded eyes on Rathdonnel, who had followed. "It would he a had thing to see a man to before be a bad thing to see a man go before the Lord and no soul in him."

"Where were you, Michael, at the heel of the evening?" "Where was 1?" said Shannon. "Sure, it was last night, and the shindy was at Mullin's to finish Shiel's wake. We had the pipes and tobacco, and Mullin let me have the whisky on credit, so I was sittin' down in Dunshaughlin Bog, singing to myself, when I come home to keep myself from sleeping."

The baby, his sleeves rolled up, was crowding himself behind Peggie to have a spree over some curdled milk. 'For heaven sakes, Michael, what's matter?" she said, pointing toward the bog, where a sergeant of

he at her, as they went from one word to another. As the sergeant watched her, the baby with its fat little hands "God help us, Michael," said Peggie, seized hold of the warrant. "God be with you be swore to murder, or we'll all have had luck and a curse Look with you, Michael, do you know anyto breathe the better.

> that for sure.' "Dunmoyle went by the public, and

> the whole of Shiel's funeral watching him," said Shannon. "Well, we can't find him," said the

> sergeant, drawing tighter the strap of his belt, "and I must take you." Peggie turned pale as Shannon gave

ty and Dunmoyle's injustice poured and tearing himself away from the from the Raphoe press. Shiel, a cousin soldiers and swearing an Irish oath, of Rathdonnel's, was shot in attempt- he went back to her. "It's a pity of her," said the ser-geant; "she's near dead with fright,

"Shiel was a fine, brave fellow," said and small blame to her. She came of hod. She was a handsome, brave, warm-hearted young woman, with Irish blue eyes in which love seemed all his pretensions, Dunmoyle's lived all his pretensions, Dunmoyle's lived the work for them pow!"

She was a handsome, brave, "Every station has that right," put in Rathdonnel. "I lay a shilling, with Irish blue eyes in which love seemed all his pretensions, Dunmoyle's lived think of the children and only Bridget's cursed work. Feel of her heart. Sure, the bands to work for them pow!"

now?" said Mullins. "It's a pity Lord Ballina is not in it. He saw to every one. The blessings of the not be said to every cloak on the turk "Peggie's side and threw the long blue cloak on the turk "Peggie's side and threw pered, "I am holding you in my arms. Den't you feel me? Lord have mercy on us, Peggie, I'm telling you truth. I never raised a finger to hurt

> "Don't let her die without the priest who christened her," said the geant; "I'll go every inch of the way, have him myself.' "Och, I'm as easy as to the life of Peggie's soul," said Shannon. "What

> I want is to see her put her blue

beating against his arm. He gave

soul, for many's the day and night spending to Shannon's glances, "don't Dunmoyle gave me an empty stom- be talking ill of the dead."

"See here," he said to the sergeant, "no one's hands shall be heavy on her. It wasn't Shannon give Dunmoyle the "Och, saints in heaven, Rathdonnel," back of me. I'd sooner part with my It wasn't Shannon give Dunmoyle the length of himself in Ballina Gulch. I said Peggie, crossing her forehead, did it myself, and there's no sin on my her lovely blue eyes opening and re- (Copyright by the S. S. McClure (Co (Copyright by the S. S. McClure Co.)

SAVED.

The brave girl had drawn her trusty

INHERITED BLOOD TROUBLES

A THOROUGH CLEANSING OF THE BLOOD THE ONLY CURE

It is necessary for the proper growth and development of the body to be born with a pure, healthy blood supply, because every part of the system is dependent on this vital fluid for nourishment and strength. Children not only inherit the features, tastes and dispositions of their parents but their mental qualities, infirmities and diseases as well, for we all know that "What is Bred in the Bone will out in the Flesh," and any taint in the blood is sure to be handed down to offspring to disorder and disease the system.

Children born with an hereditary taint in the blood do not have the energy and strength nor even the inclination to enjoy the sports and pleasures of happy childhood, and their frail, poorly nourished bodies are not able to resist diseases and disorders like their companions who have inherited a pure, untainted blood and a strong, robust constitution. The blood being

My child was always sickly; in fact, our family physician did not think that he could live. When he was a little boy he broke out with a terrible eruption on his face, head, hands and feet. He did not get better, so after trying many other things we began the use of S. S. S. with him and continued it for some time with the result that the eruption entirely disappeared. Now, thanks to S. S. S., my boy is strong and healthy. Husband and I have recommended S. S. S. to others with the same good results, so it is easy to understand why it is that we think so much of it.

MRS. J. J. KENDALL.

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eyes, catarrh of the head and scrofulous affections of various kinds. What is commonly known as "growing pains" with children is often the inherited taint of Rheumatism, and the little innocents are allowed to suffer because the parents do not realize that the seeds of this powerful disease are being manifested in early chidhood. No parent wishes to see his child otherwise than healthy and these evidences of impure blood are a source of constant remorse and grief.

Sometimes because of prudent living and favorable surroundings inherited blood troubles lie dormant in the system during young, vigorous life, but when middle age is reached or passed and the machinery of life has begun to wear out, the trouble asserts itself and declining years are made miserable because of disease.

There is but one cure for inherited blood troubles, and that is a thorough cleansing of the blood, and no medicine equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It goes down to the very root of the trouble and removes every trace of the impurity or pollution, and cures blood diseases of every character. S. S. S. not only cleanses and purifies the blood but sup-



plies it with the rich, healthful properties it needs, and by its fine tonic effects builds up the entire system. S. S. S. is the only blood medicine on the market that does not contain a mineral ingredient in some form. It is made of healing, cleansing roots, herbs and barks and is the one medicine that can be given to children with absolute safety. Those who have inherited blood taints can rely on S. S. S., and so thor-

impure from birth, the very

foundation of health is af-

fected and weakened and we see the hered-

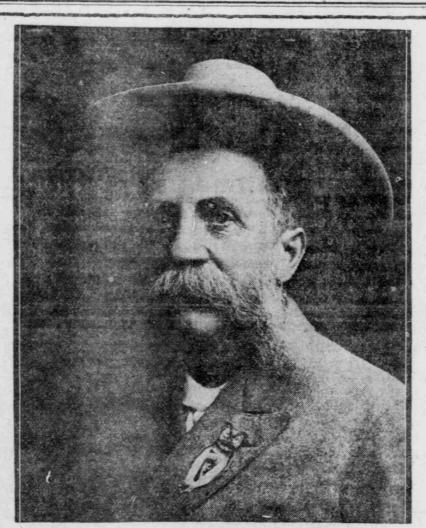
itary weaknesses manifested in many ways. They are usually pale and anaemic, their growth is stunted, and their systems failing

to receive the proper nourishment allows disease germs to collect and their little bod-

ies are afflicted with skin diseases, weak

bughly does it remove the cause that no signs of it are ever seen in later life, and future offspring are protected and blessed with a clean, rich blood. The circulation is renewed and the entire body feels the good results of a course of S. S. S. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired furnished without charge to all who write.

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PRINCESS INCUBATOR CO.,
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Idaho Falis, Idaho.

Gentlemen: In reporting the success with the 100-egg incubator I purchased from you, will say I made four hatches with same. First hatch, from 105 fertile eggs I hatched 92 chicks; second hatch, 97 fertile eggs and 90 chicks; third, 102 fertile eggs and 87 chicks; fourth hatch, 98 fertile eggs and 84 chicks. I ran this machine in one corner of my granary and I think the above a pretty fair average for a beginner.

Yours truly,

"He who misses the best is a loser,

Princess Incubator Co. Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Shelley, Idaho, Feb. 20, 1906.

Yours truly, WM. C. WILSON,

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Then he sprinted in search of the distance mentioned, for there are perils before which brute courage fails.



but he didn't care a brass button for munching the potato together.

A clear moon lit up the heavens when they reached Dunshaughlin Bog, on the edge of which stood their cabin. The door was open, and before it is. sleeping in some fresh-turned earth. The beast raised himself on his hind

legs and looked at them. Peggie was still almost a child in makes you never know you are wet years, but the chubby face of a boy till you're drowned?" said Rathdonnel, peered above her shoulder. Shannon stooped slightly forward to enter the self on a three-legged stool close by the not want, spirit," his brogues from him and seated himpeat fire, a dreary look coming over his cloak from a bramble, and perched gie, walking up to Shannon's side paring them for a small pot beside the a man.'

as over its flowers. "Michael," she said, pushing back the field." pig from the potatoes, "what's become of Rooney, the chap with one eye who was working at the public?"

"He don't dare sit a horse that has n't plenty of bone beneath the knee," laughed Shannon. "Isn't so? Lord"

if he stayed here.'

to a gap in the window where a hen while did come back to him." "You were only a small slip then, said Rathdonnel, turning an admiring glance toward Peggie, "but Shannon and me mind the castle full every winter, hunting and shooting. You be the pound, and Dunmoyle, fractious old trader, buying Dunmoyle, fractious old trader, buying the mounted on a somewhat fidgety mare. "Look at him," laughed Shannon, "said with sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown winter, hunting and shooting. You winter, hunting and shooting. You winter, hunting and shooting. You were only a small slip then, said Mullins. "He'll only think it's a nuisance that she's there at all." As he spoke Dunmoyle came in view, mounted on a somewhat fidgety mare. "Look at him," laughed Shannon. "Look at him," laughed Shannon." Shannon, "said the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the sergeant, but I'm a bit of a doctown with the was roosting, half through the glass.

hace something down here in my pock-fit that cost me trouble enough. There to that cost me trouble enough. There is that cost me trouble enough. There been chasing me this three days, and I running round and back and everywhere through Dunshaughlin Bog to keep out of his way. He is ferreting to the standard of the standard

ting the rent run on, and I dancing the lit up with one of Dunmoyle's barns. baby. Suddenly she heard a step, and ting the rent run on, and I dancing the ten toes off myself till the fiddle tumbled on the floor? Where in the world would you see an evening like that?"

Shannon threw Peggie a look.

I mind well your father was bent that night, Peggie, you should settle that night, Peggie, you should settle that night, Peggie, you should settle that a shred trying to keep me away. My heart used be all as one as in my mouth when I'd see him teaching you so go for fog berries."

"God look down on us all," said Peggie, laughing a little. "Sure, Michael, it was hard for any of us to know what me poor father said that night. There wasn't a wiser spoten man in the ten ten to the ten to the see it."

It up with one of Dunmoyle's barns. He may grind the face of us and bring the face of us and shannon, who had come back from Raphoe, was in the garden.

"I've had a quarter of a mile to walk through a mob of men," he said.

I't can tell you, Peggie, as we have supper. The constabulary drove to the station; some of them was leaving by the train. Half an hour after they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; but no, Dunton they left, Lackeym was near hammove the station; some of them was leaving by the train. Half an hour after they left, Lackeym was near hammove to see could he stop it; and then turning to Shannon. "Nullin's whisty made you talk last to be upside down with us. The bie with the baby upon her knee, one was to

but he was as good as dead that night with the whisky went down his throat, whereupon the hungry pair began took out of Dunmoyle's ugly body."

you had ditching brought you in a "What in the devil's name, Peggie,

springing impatiently to his feet. "Better have a shilling in your pocket than a pound in a dream. You must "There is a differ between wanting

Peggie cleared her blue hooded spirit and wanting sense," said Peg-"I could give Dunmoyle my heart's heaped with potatoes upon which the earth was still moist, and began presaid Shannon; "treat me as if I was for his arrest."

almost as lightly over the thorns of life his life he sat with a pipe in his mouth watching a dog-fox go by the turnip

"Rooney is going to leave before this save us. Lord Ballina was a gentlemenext week for America," said man, and heart and soul a sportsman. "Thank God," said Peggie. "for would only starve with the hunger spend in a year; he'd as soon pay stayed here."

haven't a doubt, Peggle, he lived like the men about him, and would," said Shannon, directing his eye wasn't afraid if his checks once in a

her up, and you. Peggie, getting poor couldn't see the turnips for the part-law relief. I see the day, and Lord Bal-ridges then, and the sky black with her up, and you. Peggie, getting poor cullent see the turnips for the particles. I see the day, and Lord Ballina living, when geese come as fast as the woodcock. A Donegal linen drawer could eat them, and as good bacon as ever was made, let alone herrings, he knows a five note and the ways of the hounds running. The only thing he cares is not to get wet on his leathers."

Look at him. laughed Shannon, hesn't beat this firty seconds. The blood in her veins is still. The soldiers stood about in a variety the hounds running. The only thing he cares is not to get wet on his leathers."

Suddenly Shannon felt Peggie's heart Dame street, that's all. He sent Cu-

what me poor father said that night. There wasn't a wiser spoten man in the wide world, turn out who they could against him. Sure, my grandfather thought to make him a priest,

"God help us, Michael," said Peggie, Rathdonnel. He used to swear at him behind his back, only Rathdonnel hadn't the luck to hear him."

"Well, it would take a man twice as good as Dunmoyle to bring me before all have bad luck and a curse. Look how the lot fell on McMann. Poor as the justice," said Shannon, "and I'll how the lot fell on McMann. Poor as we are, we can walk the high road now we are, we can walk the high road now it down below her shoulders as though trembling a corpse.

Shannon desisted from argument, but the mare," said the sergeant; "I know ligaments of his neck were elondoor was open, and before it a pig lay sleeping in some fresh-turned earth. him. He was a man of excitable and affectionate nature, strong and brave, but he loathed his life as it was at present, and longed to strive after an-

Meetings were arranged for every night. The society met in Raphoe; the old room on the second floor of the but on the edge of the bog he heard a public was always crowded, and hosts cry, and after going a few steps mor of little papers upon Dunmoyle's cruel- saw Peggie in the arms of Rathdonnel ing to resist the service of a warrant

always stirring—one who could walk in a small cage some time. It isn't all two hands to work for them now!" almost as lightly over the thorns of life his life he sat with a pipe in his mouth "I wonder will Dunmoyle look to her

one. The blessings of the poor he had carried his soul to heaven." "Well, the widow of Shiel shall never make a poor mouth to Dunmoyle," said Rathdonnel. "There was always full and plenty in Shiel's father's house." "Don't had a ship of the shi and Dunmoyle's taken all except Shiel's heart's blood, and that he took at last like a cow or a horse, and no time to make his soul. I didn't know his face when I looked on it. Think of that, Shannon, his own cousin didn't know

his face."

beating against his arm. He gave a sick off—I saw it myself—to bring out some trash for the dairy, and he only paid him ninepence, made him walked sulkily step by step behind him, at the door of the cabin pushed through before him, casting his eye at a little snug place underneath the ded. "But if my stomach is empty, I hace something down here in my pock—the dairy and he sick off—I saw it myself—to bring out some trash for the dairy, and he only paid him ninepence, made him only paid him ninepence, made him carry three stone of earthenware and a slab of marble thirteen miles."

Shannon went presently to the baby, and laid one hand on his ambertinted head. "Peggie," he said, "I'll wrack every stick in the place in hace something down here in my pock—the dairy, and he only paid him ninepence, made him carry three stone of earthenware and a slab of marble thirteen miles."

Shannon went presently to the baby, and laid one hand on his ambertinted head. "Peggie," he said, "I'll wrack every stick in the place in the thought of living in a world like "See here" he said to the sergeant the formula of the fo At the funeral Rathdonnel had in-

As he lay, his face to the earth, the sound of stones torn by a horse's feet caught his ear, and, looking ahead, saw Dunmoyle's mare, the mists foldkeep out of his way. He is ferreting me out of my life calling for money. Rent must be paid with all of us."
Rent must be paid with all of us."
Rathdonnel said, with an oath that made Peggie cross herself, "or we'll be turned out. Sure, I never slept a wink all night, thinking of it, and my turf stack ready for the winter."

Every fittle stor. The strength difficulty.

"I don't care a traneen if he does," over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel, and of you stand to this, Rathdonnel," he as dog; and why should he, starving donnel crawled through the brambles, and rolled a bowlder down the incline of the mountain directly in front of pulmoyles mare, the misst folding her in drapery, stepping gingerity over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel whistle. "Talk of shooting," conting a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdonnel over the boles of fallen trees, round-ing a point sheltered by a rock Rathdon